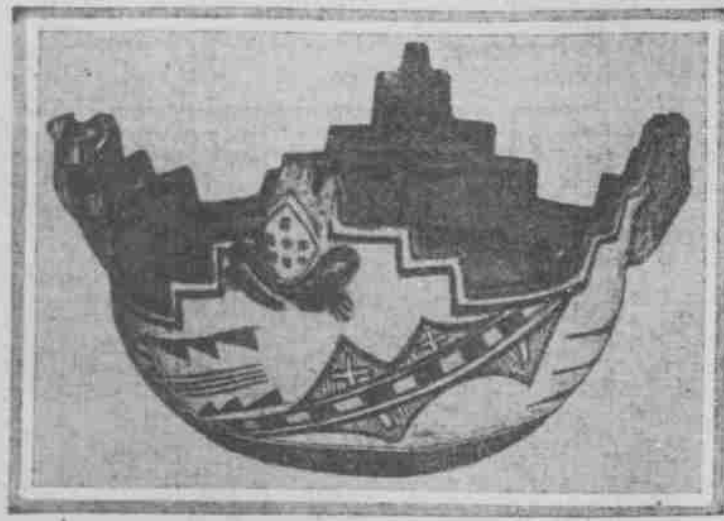


New Mexico's City of Pagans

It's the Home of the Zuni Indians, 1600 Strong.

Wand
swallowed
by medicine
juggler of a
religious
society.
The smooth
portion of
stick is thrust
down the
throat for
fourteen
inches.



A sacred
prayer
meal bowl
of a rain
priest.
The
ornaments
of frogs and
dragon flies
are symbols
of rain
needed for
crops.

BY GARRETT P. SERVIS.
THE oldest city in America is a city of pagans. It is the last of the "seven cities of Cibola," which were conquered by the romantic Spanish adventurer Coronado when he marched into what is now the state of New Mexico in the year 1550. We know this old city as Zuni, or Puhio Zuni, and its inhabitants, some 1600 in number, as the Zuni Indians. It is one of the greatest curiosities in existence. The best brief account of it and its people that I have ever seen is by Prof. A. L. Kroeber, of the University of California, in the American Museum Journal, from which the illustrations here are taken.

We are apt to forget that we white people have never really conquered the original inhabitants of this continent. To exterminate is not to conquer. To hold in subjection is not to conquer. The world has known few peoples who could not be conquered, because their fundamental social and religious ideas cannot be changed by external pressure, either of force or of education. The Jews are the most notable example of an unconquerable people. Roman militarism could take their sacred city and destroy their ancient temple, but the Jewish mind was indestructible. They have spread over the earth and carried their gentils everywhere. The nation that undertakes to persecute them shakes its own foundation.

The little handful of Zuni Indians

have been no less true to their origin. In the middle of the old pueblo of the Zuni, says Prof. Kroeber, "stands a decaying, roofless and gutted Catholic church, which his forefathers built of adobe under the direction of Spanish missionaries; but two centuries of Christian regime have not influenced the inward spirit of the Zuni."

No sooner did Spanish and Mexican authority relax than the Indian quietly shook off the hateful yoke of imposed religion and reverted openly to the ancient native ceremonial, which he and his fathers kept alive by secret practices in hidden underground rooms within 50 yards of the walls of the mission.

They wear some of our clothes, eat some of our kind of food and use a few of our convenient implements; but they live in all essential matters, as their ancestors lived before Columbus's day. They know the white men living among them only by nick-names, of their own invention, which may sometimes contain a sarcasm, and they count the progress of time, not by our almanacs, but by the succession of ceremonies arranged by their priests.

They still build terraced houses, plastered with clay, in a fashion that antedates history, and cultivate corn by hand in sandy soil on which a white farmer would starve. They make their rude, yet artistic pottery, their simple garments and their elaborate religious symbols and decorations, just as they were made in the days of their fore-

fathers, and pursue their lives according to antique ideas with complete disregard of the new civilization about them.

They are friendly, polite, hospitable; but they ask to be left alone in their inner life, just as they let their neighbors alone. For them their religious dances are the most important events in the world, and their faith is not shaken or their minds altered by any amusement or ridicule of discursive or unsympathetic onlookers. They are simply indifferent to such things.

There are 16 clans among the Zuni, each named after some animal or plant. Descent is traced from the mother. Monogamous marriage prevails, but the wife owns the house and in many ways holds the whip hand. If a man wants a divorce she may take a new husband, install him in the house, and the old one has to get out. Yet, notwithstanding the ease of divorce, family life and the institution of marriage are the bases of society.

The whole genius of this singular people seems to have expressed itself in religion. Although white men like P. H. Cushing have studied the Zunis for years, and even joined the tribe as regular members, still such remains that is dark and mysterious in their ceremonial life.

No day passes without some religious ritual; no month, and in some seasons no week, without religious dance, while the gods and mythical personages represented in the ceremonies are believed to number 200!

SCHOOL DAYS



A Serial of Family Life

What Happened To Jane

BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Mary Offers Her Aid to Jane, but the Distressed Wife Refuses It.

(Copyright 1915, Star Company)

CHAPTER XLIII.
So this was the outcome of her planning, her hopes for a resumption of the former relations between herself and her friends!

Jane understood this, yet she uttered no further protest to her husband's verdict. Instead, she went on into the little room, adjoining the large bedroom and proceeded to undress.

She was ready for bed, and had put on a warm dressing gown over her nightgown, when her husband appeared at the door of the small room. As she stood there, in front of her mirror, braiding her long hair, she looked very childish in the dim light of the one candle on the bureau.

Rever had not started to undress. While he was still in a bad humor, he was secretly ashamed of the violence of his speech. But he would not apologize. Vaguely, he wished that Jane would respect the discussion that he might have a chance to justify himself. But although he remained watching her, she did not speak. He broke the silence by a question.

"You understood what I said a while ago?"

"Yes, I understand," his wife replied.

That was all. She did not even look at him. He tried to make her do so.

"Perhaps you think I'm hard on you, Jane, but I'm not. Many a man would have been ashamed of what I was after seeing what I saw tonight."

The recollection of his wife and young Guilford together caused him all at once to feel that his own had been just. But he wanted her to agree that he was right.

"Have you anything to say?" he insisted.

"Nothing." Her eyes were still upon the long braid which she had twisted over her shoulder and was playing to the very end of the shining tresses.

"I said all I had to say. I don't care to talk any more about it. Please, Augustus, I made my request. You refuse to grant it. That ends the discussion, I think."

She did not deny his assertion. Instead, she said:

handwork is introduced on frock, blouse and suit, anywhere and everywhere possible.

The varying dress of serge, natural linen or tulle, is rendered doubly becoming by a bit of vivid wool or bead embroidery, and the evening frock, being simple, is a thing of glitter and sparkle. One should not be afraid of oddity, as long as it is harmonious.

The Return of Belts. As girdles and belts of all descriptions are smart again this year, it will not be a difficult matter to introduce the required bit of color. Wide and narrow girdles of ribbon are smart; narrow strap belts of colored suede, soft velvet, according to the tone of the material, encircle skirt or coat of the sport costume, and the simple serge or linen frock may be girdled in a variety of ways.

Trimming the Small Girl's Dress. Especially are these bluebirds favored for the little girl's white frock. The only thing to bear in mind, when using these motifs, is that the design must be small and the effect dainty. Feather-stitching and cross-stitch are both being used effectively on children's garments and here again we see the effect of color, for in children's fashions there is the same demand for brightness. Fashion says that small people shall be dressed quaintly and prettily, that is all, and leaves us to work our own salvation. This is not difficult as materials are so charming and so inexpensive. There are figure-thee and flowered dimities, daintily striped batistes and lawns, fascinating velvets and crepes, patterned in quaint designs, and the popular embroidered flouncings. Chiffon and mixed fabrics are being used in the jumper dresses for the small girl, combined with sultry, white or colored. These little dresses are often piped with emerald green or turkey red.

Breakfast Gown and House Dress. Not the least important detail, by any means, in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe, is the house dress. It may be the morning dress of the woman who merely supervises her household, or it may be the workaday dress of the woman who really keeps her own house, but it is as necessary as the afternoon frock or the evening gown. Fashion, too, takes a hand in its designing, every introducing each season little innovations which make for comfort, convenience, and becomingness. The house dress marks her as efficient or inefficient.

The novelty cottons and linens are effectively used in their dress. A figured material being trimmed with a plain, and vice versa. The breakfast dress illustrated in fashion of a dainty figure, with ribbon-edged cape collar of plain white voile. The house dress, which could quite as well serve for a great frock, developed in serge or linen, is fashioned of dark blue madras, trimmed with bands of white voile. Both designs are simple, practical and becoming.

So I have come to the conclusion that an ounce of forethought is worth several pounds of cures for cracked fingers and hair that is thinning from the extra dust stirring into it from sweeping—and from other troubles—the list of complaints is large.

Dusting the old-time way will certainly dry your hands, and fill their pores with grime, spoiling their color and softness. You can overcome this by using a large, soft dust rag, which has first been soaked in oil—almost any kind—and allowed to dry out partially. Such a cloth will absorb

derstood that somebody sympathized with her.

She has an uneasy night. "I'm going," the woman said, "but remember, 'Good night!'"

A second later Jane was standing alone in the hall.

Creeping back into her husband's room, she stood listening. Augustus was evidently sound asleep. No pang of conscience nor stirrings of pity kept him awake. It was his habit to sleep through an entire night. Therefore he would not know whether his wife lay down in this room or in the other.

The bed in the smaller room was always made up and ready for occupancy. Jane had seen to this herself soon after she came here to live. Now she went into the little room, closing softly the door of communication between that and the apartment in which her husband lay.

She crept into the single bed with a sigh of relief. Here she might rest and turn and think out her problem without fear of disturbing any one. She was sure she would sleep quietly here.

But many hours passed before slumber came to her. She was reviewing the events of the evening. Ruth's words, her own promise, and her husband's harsh commands.

She knew that the last must be followed. But how could she bring herself to obey them? For obedience meant the alienation of the friends whom she had hoped to win back to her.

Although she did not lose consciousness until well along in the small hours of the morning, she was up, dressed, and had her bed made before the alarm clock awakened Augustus from his slumbers.

He did not know that she had not slept by his side all night.

(To Be Continued.)

DEAR MR. WIGGILY, TWO MEN WANT TO MARRY ME. THE POOR ONE WANTS TO MARRY ME AT ONCE AND THE MILLIONAIRE WANTS ME TO WAIT A YEAR—WHAT SHALL I DO?

SEEK WAY FOR THE MILLIONAIRE, BUT SEE IF YOU CAN GET SOME MONEY IN ADVANCE.

SCCC

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggily and Sonie's Dress."

BY HOWARD H. GARIS.

UNCLE Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was reading the paper in his hollow stump bungalow, in the woods, while Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzy, the meek lady housekeeper, was out in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes one afternoon.

All of a sudden Uncle Wiggily fell asleep because he was reading a bedtime story in the paper, and while he slept he heard a noise at the front door, which sounded like:

"Bat-a-tat-tat! Bat-a-tat-tat!"

"My goodness!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, awakening out of his sleep. "That sounds like the forest woodpecker bird making holes in a tree."

"No, it isn't that," spoke Nurse Jane. "It's some one tapping at our front door. I can't answer because my paws are all covered with soapy suds dish water."

"Oh, I'll go," said Uncle Wiggily, and laying aside the paper over which he had fallen asleep, he opened the door. On the porch stood Susie Littlefellow, the bunny girl.

"Why, hello, Susie!" exclaimed the bunny uncle. "Where are you going with your nice new dress?" for Susie did have on a fine new waist and skirt, or maybe it was made in one piece for all I know. And her new dress had on it ruffles and thing-a-ma-bobs and curly-cues and insertions and Geopetle crepe and all sorts of things like that.

"Where are you going, Susie?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I am going to a party," answered the little rabbit girl. "Lulu and Alice Wiggilobble, the duck girls, are going to have a party, and they asked me to come. So I came to you."

"But I'm not going to the party!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I haven't been invited."

"That doesn't make any difference," spoke Susie with a laugh. "You know they'll be glad to see you, anyhow. And I know Lulu meant to ask you, only she must have forgot about it, because there is so much to do when you have a party."

"I know that," said Uncle Wiggily. "And I don't blame Lulu and Alice a bit for not asking me. Anyhow I couldn't go, for I promised to come over this afternoon and play checkers with Grandfather Goosey Gander."

"Oh, but won't you walk with me to the party?" asked Susie, sort of coaxing like. "I'm afraid to go through the woods alone, because Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, said you and he met a bear there yesterday."

"We did!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "But the honest bush drove him away by showering nuts on his nose."

"Well, I might not be so lucky as to have a hazelnut bush to help me," spoke Susie. "So I'd be very glad if you would walk through the woods with me. You can scare away the bear if we meet him."

"With this popgun, which shoots poppowder," said Susie. "It belongs to Sammie, my brother, but he let me take it. We'll bring the popgun with us, Uncle Wiggily, and scare the bear."

"All right," said the bunny uncle. "That's what we'll do. I'll go as far as

the Wiggilobble duck house with you and leave you there at the party."

This made Susie very glad and happy, and soon she and Uncle Wiggily were going through the woods together. Susie's new dress was very fine and she kept looking at it as she hopped along.

All of a sudden, as the little rabbit girl and the bunny uncle were going along through the woods, they came to a mud puddle.

"Look out now!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Don't fall in that, Susie."

"I won't," said the little rabbit girl. "I can easily jump across it."

But when she tried to, alas! Like-wise she slipped. Her paws slipped and into the mud puddle she fell with her new dress.

"Oh, dear!" cried Susie. "Look at my nice new dress," went on Susie. "It isn't at all nice and new now. It's all mud and water and all

and he did."

He stripped off some bark from the birch tree and he sewed the pieces together with ribbon grass, and some needles from the pine tree. And when Susie put the bark dress over her party dress, not a mud spot showed!

"Oh, that's fine, Uncle Wiggily!" she cried. "Now I can go to the Wiggilobbles!"

And so she went, and the bad bear never came out to so much as growl, nor did the fox, so the popgun was not needed. And all the girls at the party would have been amazed if Uncle Wiggily had made a new dress for her.

"I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Tommie's kite."—Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

FASHION SAYS—"FEAR NOT!"

A Touch of Oddity in Cut or Trimming, This Season, Is the Smart Note, if Harmonious; Belts Return to Favor.

NEW YORK, April 22.—Daytime dresses, this season, seem to have reached the height of perfection. There are the simplest of the simple, in designs for morning or street wear, and the daintiest, most airy possible of creations for afternoon and evening purposes. The typical summer dress is more charming

dine, was effectively finished by a narrow woven girde of heads in the vivid Indian coloring; this girde was weighted with two heavy tassels, and was caught loosely about the normal waistline, knotted and allowed to fall nearly to the skirt hem. On the left side, the girde composed the only bit of contrast on the dress and the effect was charming.

A white head girde on an afternoon or a dainty frock of net is most effective too; the China beads may be used, or the glittering crystal beads. These woven girdles give us an excellent opportunity to put into use the knowledge of bead weaving, which the majority of us gained when bead embroidery was so popular a form of fancy work, some years ago. One may use her own mass of color combinations, this being another chance for developing personality in dress. The use of color is undoubtedly the greatest

than it has been for many a year. It is fashionable of the fascinating velvets, crepes, flouncings, and organzies favored this season, and trimmed with ribbon, lace, embroidery and beads.

Beads as Trimming—White and Colored.

China beads are particularly effective for this purpose; these are used for yokes, collars, cuffs, and for girdles. For the taffeta afternoon dress the beads are in colors or white, according to their application. One of the smartest of the imported frocks shown in New York this season, was a dark blue taffeta, trimmed with these white opaque beads arranged in conventional designs on skirt yoke, cuffs and collar. An extremely simple, long-lined dress of Lanvin's, in tan gabardine, was effectively finished by a narrow woven girde of heads in the vivid Indian coloring; this girde was weighted with two heavy tassels, and was caught loosely about the normal waistline, knotted and allowed to fall nearly to the skirt hem. On the left side, the girde composed the only bit of contrast on the dress and the effect was charming.

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Not the least important detail, by any means, in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe, is the house dress. It may be the morning dress of the woman who merely supervises her household, or it may be the workaday dress of the woman who really keeps her own house, but it is as necessary as the afternoon frock or the evening gown. Fashion, too, takes a hand in its designing, every introducing each season little innovations which make for comfort, convenience, and becomingness. The house dress marks her as efficient or inefficient.

The novelty cottons and linens are effectively used in their dress. A figured material being trimmed with a plain, and vice versa. The breakfast dress illustrated in fashion of a dainty figure, with ribbon-edged cape collar of plain white voile. The house dress, which could quite as well serve for a great frock, developed in serge or linen, is fashioned of dark blue madras, trimmed with bands of white voile. Both designs are simple, practical and becoming.

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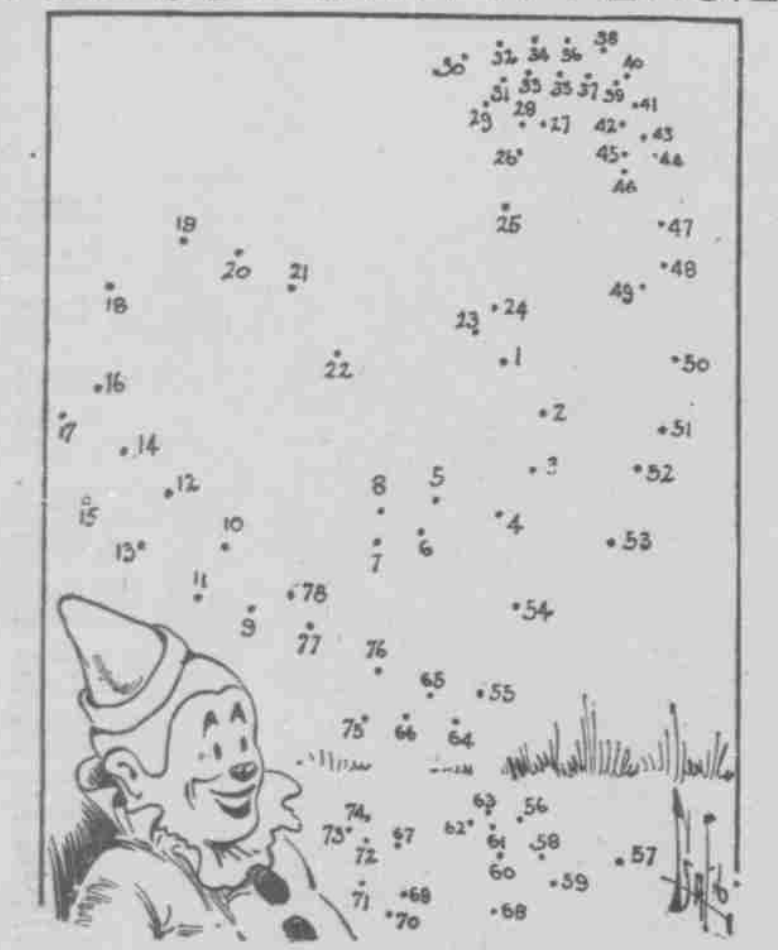
(To Be Continued.)

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SCCC

FILL OUT WITH A PENCIL



Can you finish this picture?
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots. Begin at No. 1 and take them—carefully.

A Becoming House Dress

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Beauty Chats By Edna Kent Forbes

More Beauty Hints

EVERY day, it seems to me, there are letters from housewives asking for creams to clear their skins, and tonics to put on their hair, and for dozens of other troubles, all caused by the ravages of domestic work.

Avoid having carpets or matting in your home as much as possible. Stain or paint your floors instead, and put small rugs on them. A polished floor, stained oak or mahogany, is much prettier than a half-worn rug, that collects dust and gives you no end of work. Stained floors can be kept clean by an oiled mop with a third of the labor and time; they are sanitary and cost less than new carpets.

However, when you sweep—if you cannot make use of either the hand-run or electrically-run vacuum sweeper—sweep standing up straight, not crouched over the broom, your shoulders bent and your back twisted. Vigorous sweeping will act upon the kidneys, and is therefore a desirable exercise. But to benefit by it, you must keep yourself up, bending from the waist line as you push the broom.

Questions and Answers
My eyebrows and lashes are very thin. Do you know of any good tonic for this purpose?—Clerline.

Reply—If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope, I will be pleased to send you such a recipe.

My little girl, who has very thick black curly hair, caught vermin in it from a school children. I have ridden the back of the comb, but the scales are still over her hair. Is there something to dislodge them?—Mother.

Reply—You can lace the first-toothed comb, by weaving the silk back and forth through the comb, taking up a half-inch of teeth in each section. Comb a small portion at a time, and the tightness of teeth will pull the scales from each hair. There is no other way, and anything powerful enough to eat up these scales would do the same with the hair. You have a big job ahead of you, if the thing has spread over a thick and curly head. Personally, I would cut the hair on a child, as it would be long before she had a clean growth again. Also, I would bring about a crusade on cleanliness among the mothers and teachers.

If the following correspondents will send me stamped, addressed envelopes, I shall be glad to let them have, by mail, the information for which they ask. Several of these requests would take up too much space if I were to print them in the paper. A Reader, Beatrice H. Worried, V. A. S. Mrs. L. P. W. Blancha and Miss E. R.

You women who care for your own homes—do not forget your personal care

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